for the image of theatrical, did you, as did you not, know Elizabeth Robins? Actress. Suffragette? about 70? queer: a woman with a part, who's just again with 20 years, bobbed up: a I think she's rather a thick stout interesting volume: — I must do it Brighton. Have written her: I would like a few hints beforehand. But Thank I asked you this before. She has — how nice — Encouraging! — a very high opinion of Egan: is it to you I owe a mysterious present — a book about elephants? — It came unheralded: & the writing on the cover might be yours. Only can it be? There odd felt always come this time of year. But I'm off to see Gilbert Sean in a fortnight Chanticleer? Do you, like me, when you're working about some one, entirely forget all else; & forever out every token even 30 miles away? Yet 2 weeks ago I never saw him a thought. Now I think I dream, live in the present shade. Wonly I could write like that two! Or about you admire her? No telling — you admire M. B. of Cosmo — my most shadowy writer — his page is like a nice white sheet across which a fly has gently meandered with legs in the ink — This I put in from a wholly Christian wish to annoy. I like making Cats roar. how roar. And also you admire Wollys poems! Oh my God! V.

Rota 2/14/03

1937

Monks Horne,

VII

St Jan. 37

I know I have been in every respect base and vile; but that me – the loving heart – remains: wherefore why should I forfeit the fire & spend this moment writing? Partly because I have to go to Bugerton in ½ hour to see Mrs Robins: for I dont think you want letters. I think you are so battling with books & illustrations that all you want is to be left alone.

That has been my fault. I've spent each morning, every morning writing; every evening reading. I had to dash through Gibbon & get something evolved before we went back. That's done, after a fashion: – only after fashion. The devil of these articles is the fitting in quotations: fitting in a letter like this here, another there. like a cabinet maker composing a neat commode.

Is the sun shining at Worksop? Here there is frost under the hedge, & a sun

strong enough to burn one's cheek the other side.
I've seen a great many relations: answered
Mrs Chrestman Cotton, written very
promptly to old servants, & had a letter
most amiable correspondence with Mrs.
But I shall miss her in London — I
who gabble people the wants to see. So
there.

Now alas, I must as I began by
saying, catch my bus.

Back on Wednesday.

What — ? no; no time to ask
questions, & I don't suppose you
will feel inclined to write
letters. Did you through
make up with Maurice ?

W.

NYPL

Rota 2. 4. 63

Wednesday

52 Tavistock Sq. 20 Jan 1937

I'm so glad that you're in luck about
the dog. Poor the thing will
bless them. Just back to find
Mrs West-Watkins ill with influenza
pneumonica, also the 2nd in control away
with influenza. This means I is
doing all the main work. I have to
help with odd jobs so far as I can.
Hence I'm rather rattled at the moment—
Cursing the pen, correcting other
peoples proofs. I don't see any
chance of being free this week.—)
Thanks for want let me know when

You would naturally be coming up next week, & see what we can fit in. Not for God's sake don't expect yourself to brave a train whilst this pest is violent.

Yes. I do see I'm a coherent entity & desirous to see you; in fact, in short, as Macaulay would say, fond of you. And how much scribbling & articles I've rashly undertaken heaven knows beside Gibbon: I am fingering fifty papers nervously; & feel ever more the various horrors, delights & work making. Why how does one square the relative? How for me euphemise 20 different mistresses! But Roger every day turns out more miraculous. So you see I'm in a pother: but amazingly well. And you? Oh Lord, now Miss West — it's doubtful now & the 4 live — eight 3 months away. I suppose

NYPL

Rosa 2.4.63

27 Jan 1937

52 V.S.

Wednesday.

What a dismal world we live in!
Mrs West is dead of pneumonia, &
we're plunged at the moment in chaos.
If means all Li's time is taken
managing, – we have to see authors whom she'd
have seen. That's what happens tomorrow.
A perfect stranger is coming at 4.30
for a long business talk about her book.
I don't think there's much use anyone
else hoping to get a word in. Or only
sideways in discomfort. So I.
Should prefer another day, but one

if you have to come up. Another clerk is ill,
& we may have to hurry the book
(once more) till June. I'm sorry to be so
distracted. Lord! we went to the funeral,
& there was the poor old Crone with whom
she'd lived; & other miseries, in pouring
rain, & fog; & nothing to be said, for in fact
they killed her with their wild idiocy &
she was far away the better off
manager; & now the whole of that
dreary business of finding a flat begins again.
But I shall not work be free.

Egoism. I'm feeling weird better
shut up shop. What about the new dog.
his home — to turn to something dance.'

NYPL

Rota 2. V. 63

52 TS.

10th Feb. 87

I forget what our last term a fretful was.
I forget if we ever got within the same
postal district. But anyhow, thanks in part to
my energy in letter writing & interviewing
we finally installed a new manager, a
nice duck faced woman, who was at
Longman's stays she used to see you.
So that arranged. And then the undertug —
oh dear what a viper's nest of malodorous
feeling. Mrs Wests death uncovered.
Jane notices: a 'she', also been replaced.
And now we hope to bring the book out
on March 15th instead of fretting

them all till June.

Forgive this dull chronicle. One gets so absorbed in one thing after another.

How the packing? And the new home? I'm so hard at work with various bits of odds & ends that one more may then won't worry you Evening. Is N.B. on the upgrade? The writing is what I hate: not the reading. I'm reading Shakespeare: I'm reading Sibbon: I'm reading little scraps of Ethel Smyth. And then my poor old mother in law gets blinder. I get kinder & I'm very kind to her — but oh the heat & the gloom: the sweet sticky cakes. None of this is relevant, none of this will interest you; & I'm so lucky I'm half inclined to tear it up. Still by way of a flourish & a paw I send it.

Affectionately

V.

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63

52 TS. 17 Feb 1937

Wednesday

What I meant by my cryptic remark
('I like writing not reading': was
that I like the writing of my own
books, not the reading of them afterwards.
That's not very profound: but it happens to be
a fact. And I wondered if you were
enjoying the writing stage of Maurice,
or had come to the reading stage. I was
disjusted. Yes — to continue answering
your letter: Much your remark
that you want send me Maurice
is wound. And I was about
without that, to say that I was
going to follow it on my ride,

I not send you the Year, because I'm
Certain you wont get through it, +
it always seems to me that if one's
given a book by the author one feels
committed to 5/6 words of praise.
I hardly gave away even my 6 copies for that
reason. And what shows what a cowardice there
about telling the truth to authors: for at
this moment I'm in agony: there a presentation
Copy I Cant thank the author because I dont
know: yet civility requires. Duet Elizabeth
at a picture gallery: I hope one day to see her.
And I've been working with the usual
rush jog, & have just committed to a
Broadcast: & so for the new manager is
doing well; & I shd regret Miss West; &
long for a holiday in the sun; & how much
fresh work that other caused, Lilla: & can
one ever undo have it undone! And how the
dog! And .... but Lord! I must

Yrs V.

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63

Feb 24 1937

52 N.S. Wednesday

Yes, Ethel dear, I'd like to see you.
But what's the use of 'seeing you' against
some intolerably necessary boss - then repen-
a French translator who', wanted one of
my rare solitary Evenings - Nor must you
Come in the- dripping cold mutton weather,
on purpose - Stick that in your mind
& let's attempt it next week at the end
after: I've been kept on the hop by a
most ridiculous but agitating scare - a
doctors fear that L showed signs of
diabetes. He was sent to a Specialist -
I had an hour to walk up & down
Harley Street - then a week to wait

whole tests were worked out: finally yesterday the
decision that he is perfectly normal. Oh what
tortures these doctors are! Listen, now Jim
we had perhaps it been worth while: an
Extraordinary physical relief, as someone had been
Cramping me together, suddenly let go. Now
Elizabeth one evening, against the bright elegant
profile of Ethel Sands. Like Elizabeth - like her
mind. And Ethel, who's a connaisseur in these
matters, exclaimed "How well she draws!" -
a compliment I'd give my eyes for. Oh ja -
about the BBC - NYPL Hegre suddenly taken me up:
wants me to write them stories, read them texts,
& deliver an address in May on Ibsen's words.
This last I've agreed to do: also for £20 guineas:
which is - I manage I told the man, considering that
they present in the Listener box. He said, Oh
but do it only once: next time you'll be able to
bargain. So from that I expect you'll get your
£50. He told me, in confidence, that all the

well known women, like ourselves, are now
holding out for more. If you stick your
toes in, you're helping the cause. Do tell me
what comes of your toes sticking in the work.
Winston asks £300 — but doesn't get it.
That little bit of gossip has landed me in a
fresh sheet, which I can't fill, unless I must
cook dinner tonight — this pouring night, &
the clerk has just come in to say, Mrs
Woods the rains coming through — Ants on
new books? I demanded. Heck, not yet
on to the books: into the Pitchards'
larder: we must collect all the chamber
pots when this is done & stand
them in a row. to protect our books.

I'm reading Molière aloud to Ugely:
by way of tuning up my French accent: & was
delivering a great speech of Alceste when
the clerk came in with the news of the

Fair, & then I must watch all ye Chamber pots,
yea Ethel Smyth. Jones a parantheis
between Misanthrope & the NYPL other thing.
I wonder if anyone ever wrote a letter as quick as
this.. about Dotty: for I expect there
is something under that contorted nut; but
not for me. I dont think, after Vita & Joan,
I shall ever crack it. But I like to hear
of Joan discoveries: I expect a hammer blow,
such as Jan delivers when I dont, is what
needed. But isnt the, after Yeats' prose,
considerably restored from her old brilliance?
I always thought prose would do the trick.
Oh here's a card from Collax who's
back & wants me in her new house. And
I'm in the thick of Fiji again: & have so
many things to write I cant attend to
biography at the moment. Give me how
fortunately my brain works: 6 months of Horile
misery. Then a sudden flash. Like the rain.
And now the Puffin. & the book? &
all together. how does the pulse & the heart out
working!

7 minutes & ½ -